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JUN 2011

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TREVOR HAIRSINE  
SERGIO SANDOVAL

HotComic.net





INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL,  
MONTREAL, 2027.







I BELIEVE THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL INVADING MY PERSONAL SPACE.

BETTER ME THAN A BULLET.



NOT TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL, BUT DID YOU REALLY THINK I WAS GOING TO JUST STAND THERE?

I HAVE BEEN SHOT AT BEFORE, YOU KNOW. PROBABLY MORE THAN YOU.

DOUBT IT.

FEELS LIKE I'M HEADING FOR A WORLD RECORD.



SHALL WE RETURN FIRE?

OUR ATTACKERS HAVE US AT A SLIGHT DISADVANTAGE AND I HATE BEING TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF.

HEAD FOR THE ROOF WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTS.

I'VE GOT FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.



EEAAARRGH!!









ENABLING THE USER TO  
ENGAGE AND TAKE DOWN  
SEVERAL TARGETS AT ONCE.

## SHOOT TO KILL!

WRITTEN BY ROBBIE MORRISON  
ART BY TREVOR HAIRLINE AND  
SERGIO SANDOVAL  
COLORS BY JORGE GONZALEZ



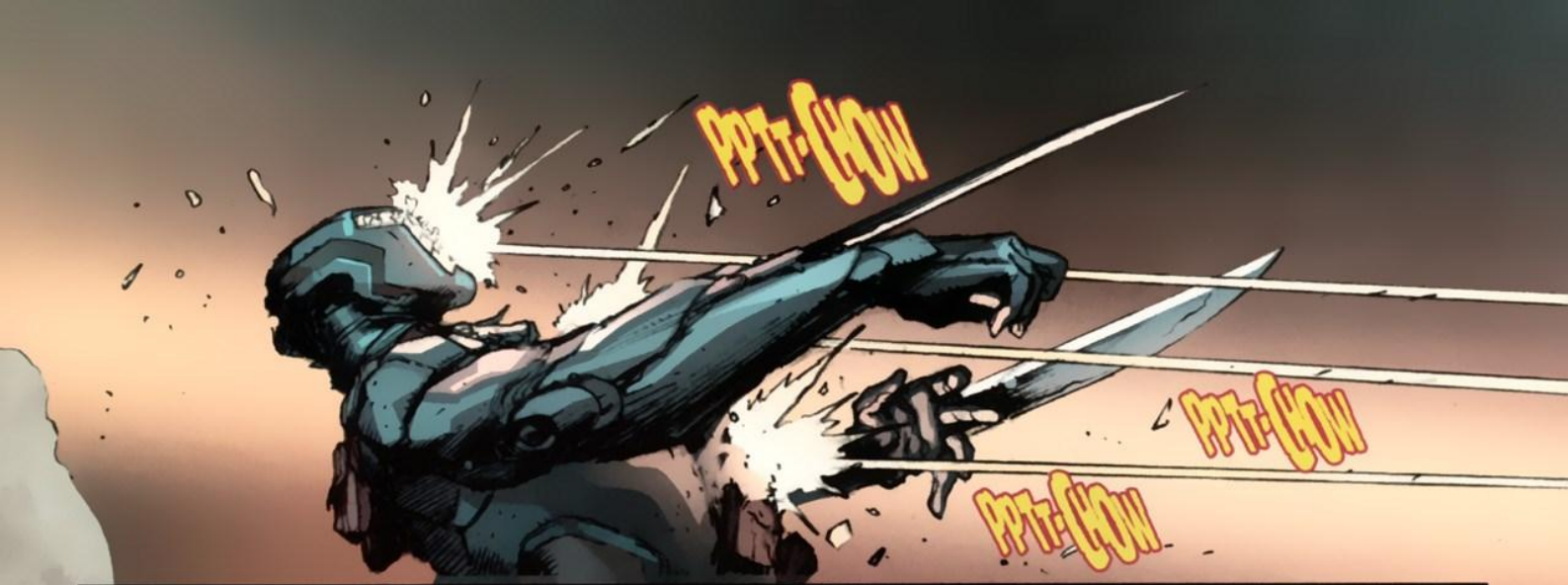
LETTERS BY SAIDA TEMOFONTE  
COVER BY JIM MURRAY  
ASSOCIATE EDITING BY KRISTY QUINN  
EDITING BY IEN ABERNATHY

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I WAS STARTING TO THINK YOU'D RUN OUT ON ME, YOUR LADYSHIP.

OH, DON'T WORRY-- YOU'RE NOT THAT UNATTRACTIVE.



SHOOT TO KILL. JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT.



COURSE, SOME PEOPLE ARE HARDER TO KILL THAN OTHERS...



TWO IN THE CHEST. ONE IN THE HEAD.



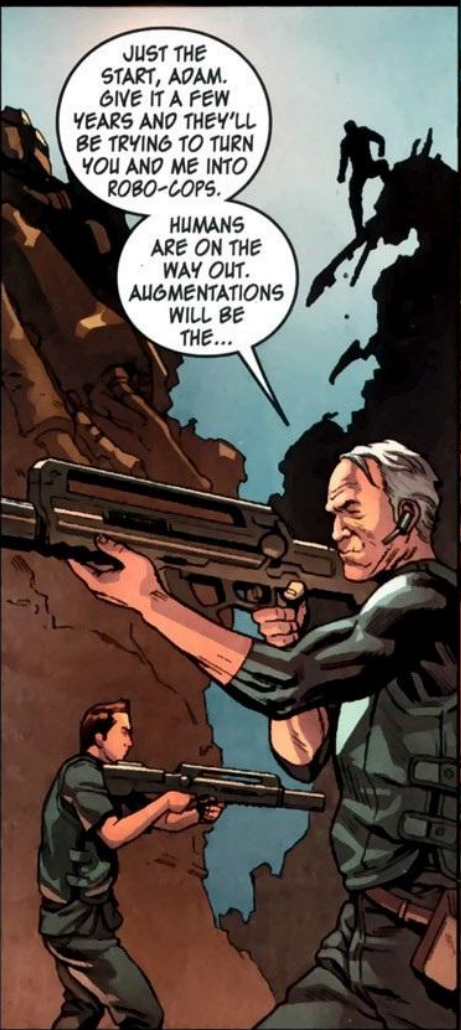
QUINCY?



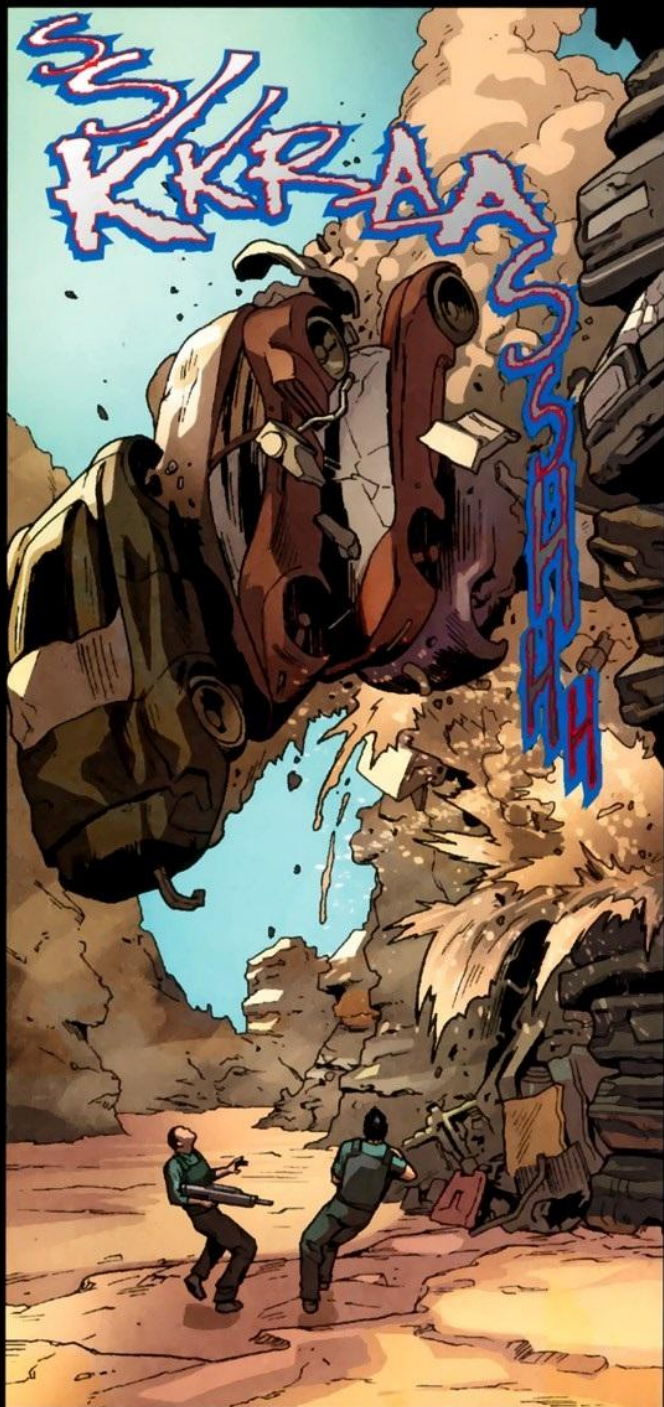
MOTOR CITY SCRAPYARD,  
HIGHLAND PARK,  
DETROIT, 2020.

PERPETRATOR IS TYRELL BANKS,  
IRAQ WAR VETERAN AND FORMER  
CONTENDER FOR THE AUGMENTED  
COMBAT CHALLENGE. EXTREMELY  
DANGEROUS.

WANTED FOR THE MURDER  
OF KERI RYDER, CALL-GIRL. CSI  
FOUND HIS DNA ALL OVER THE  
SCENE AND THE VICTIM'S INJURIES  
ARE CONSISTENT WITH THE  
AUGMENTATIONS BOYD  
POSSESSES.











ENJOYING YOURSELF YET!?

TELL ME AGAIN HOW YOU'RE GONNA TAKE ME DOWN, MAKE ME PAY! GO ON, TELL ME!

ARMED POLICE! LET HIM GO, YOU BASTARD!

YOU WANT HIM? HERE! I'M DONE!



HE'S JUST A PIECE OF MEAT NOW! JUST LIKE THAT WHORE!

ARGHH!



JUST LIKE YOU!







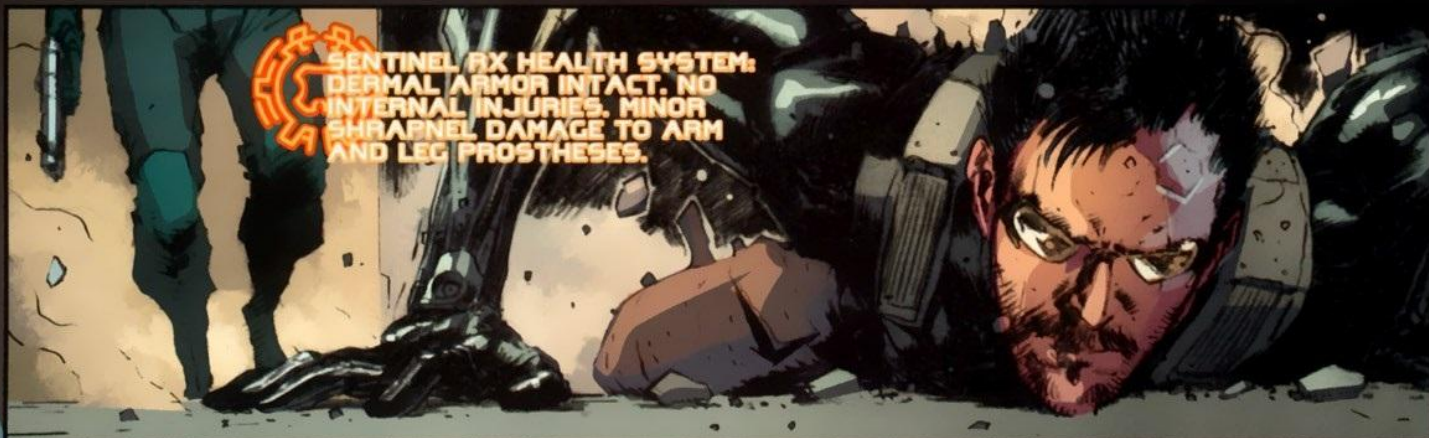
INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL MONTREAL, 2027.











SENTINEL RX HEALTH SYSTEM:  
DERMAL ARMOR INTACT. NO  
INTERNAL INJURIES. MINOR  
SHRAPNEL DAMAGE TO ARM  
AND LEG PROSTHESES.

REBUILT  
YOU WELL,  
DIDN'T THEY? A  
BLAST LIKE THAT  
SHOULD'VE TORN  
TO YOU  
SHREDS.

LET'S  
SEE HOW YOU  
HANDLE THINGS  
AT POINT BLANK  
RANGE...



JUST WHAT  
I WAS THINKING,  
ASSHOLE...



STEALTH MODE  
ENGAGED.

ENEMY:  
FARIDAH MALIK,  
CHIEF HELICOPTER PILOT,  
SARIF INDUSTRIES.



**BUDDA  
BUDDA**

**BUDDA  
BUDDA BUDDA**

...AND TRIGGER-HAPPY  
DOESN'T BEGIN TO DESCRIBE  
HOW I FEEL ABOUT PEOPLE  
WHO HURT MY FRIENDS.







DETROIT  
RECEIVING HOSPITAL,  
2020.



"HE KNOWS THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS INJURIES, INSISTED WE TOLD HIM EVERYTHING AS SOON AS HE WAS CONSCIOUS.

"SHATTERED SPINE, BROKEN NECK, FRACTURED SKULL, LOSS OF SIGHT IN ONE EYE...

"THE ARM, OF COURSE...



HE'LL SURVIVE ALL RIGHT, BUT THE ONLY WAY HE'LL BE ABLE TO HAVE ANYTHING RESEMBLING A NORMAL LIFE IS IF HE AGREES TO EXTENSIVE AUGMENTATION.

WE'VE CHECKED HIS INSURANCE AND HE'S COVERED, BUT HE HAS TO MAKE THE DECISION HIMSELF.



SMALL CONSOLATION, I KNOW, BUT WITHOUT THE WORK YOU DID IN THE FIELD, HE MIGHT NOT HAVE MADE IT.

CAN I SEE HIM?

HE'S BEEN ASKING FOR YOU, ACTUALLY, BUT TAKE IT EASY.





EVERYONE'S BEEN HERE, QUINCY, LOOKING OUT FOR YOU, THE WHOLE TEAM.

THEY'RE DOWN AT MAGGIE'S BAR JUST NOW.

DRINKING TO MY HEALTH?

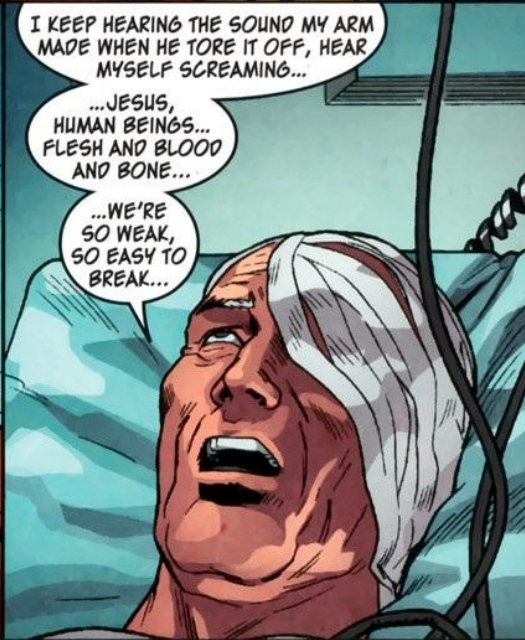


SOMETHING LIKE THAT, I GUESS.

I'M SORRY...

DON'T BE. I'M JUST FOOLING WITH YOU.

MY SUNNY DISPOSITION'S ABOUT ALL I GOT LEFT.



I KEEP HEARING THE SOUND MY ARM MADE WHEN HE TORE IT OFF, HEAR MYSELF SCREAMING...

...JESUS, HUMAN BEINGS... FLESH AND BLOOD AND BONE...

...WE'RE SO WEAK, SO EASY TO BREAK...



WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO TO ME NOW?

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

I... DON'T KNOW, QUINCY...

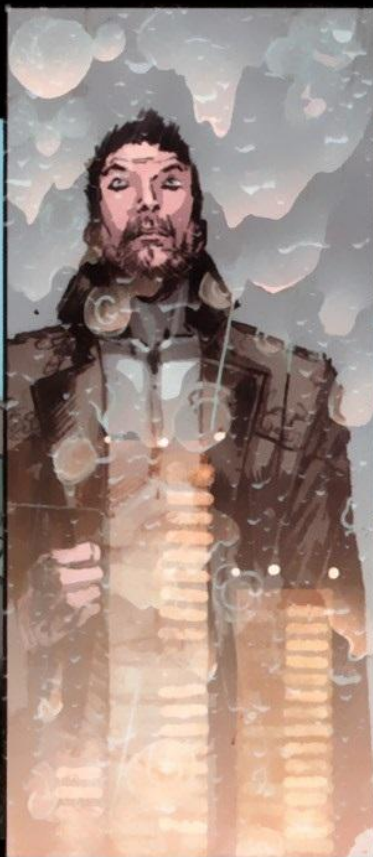


YOU SHOULD'VE LET ME DIE, ADAM.



SHOULD'VE LET ME DIE.





## SARIF INDUSTRIES, DETROIT, 2027.

THANKS FOR  
THE REPAIRS  
AND UPGRADES,  
MR. SARIF.

ARE  
THEY ON THE  
HOUSE OR SHOULD  
I EXPECT AN  
ASTRONOMICAL  
BILL?

THAT MIGHT  
DEPEND ON HOW  
COOPERATIVE  
YOU'RE WILLING  
TO BE, "LADY"  
SUTHERLAND...



SIX MONTHS  
AGO, SARIF  
INDUSTRIES WAS  
ATTACKED BY AN  
AUGMENTED STRIKE  
FORCE.

A  
NUMBER OF  
MY SCIENTISTS  
WERE MURDERED  
AND ADAM WAS  
LEFT NEAR  
DEATH.

WE WERE  
FORCED TO USE  
AUGMENTATION  
SURGERY TO SAVE  
HIS LIFE.



MORE  
RECENTLY, A SIEGE  
AT ONE OF OUR  
MANUFACTURING  
PLANTS WAS USED AS  
A COVER TO STEAL  
THE PLANS FOR A  
WEAPON WE WERE  
DEVELOPING.

A PERSONAL  
EXPLOSIVE SYSTEM  
THAT WAS SUBSEQUENTLY  
USED TO MAIM AND  
MURDER SCORES OF  
PEOPLE IN YESTERDAY'S  
HUMANITY FRONT  
BOMBING.



I CHASED  
THE STOLEN  
DATASTREAM THROUGH  
A WEB OF ENCRYPTIONS  
AND GHOST LOCATIONS,  
BUT EVENTUALLY,  
THE TRAIL LED TO  
YOU.







NO OFFENSE TO YOUR SURFING SKILLS, MR. PRITCHARD, BUT YOU WERE SET UP.

I SUSPECT THE PEOPLE I'M PURSUING MAY HAVE ENGAGED THE SERVICES OF A WORLD-CLASS HACKER KNOWN AS WINDMILL TO COVER THEIR TRACKS.



THEY PROBABLY PAID WINDMILL TO REDIRECT YOUR SEARCH TOWARDS ME, HOPING I'D KILL MR. JENSEN, OR THAT HE'D KILL ME.

LUCKILY, NEITHER OF US IS THAT EASY TO KILL.



AND WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU AFTER?

A ROGUE SQUAD OF AUGMENTED MERCENARIES HAS BEEN ENGAGING IN BLACK OPS ACROSS THE GLOBE.

THEY RECENTLY STOLE ENOUGH FIREPOWER FOR A SMALL ARMY FROM SHARP EDGE, THE PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTOR.



I WAS HIRED TO TRACK THEM DOWN.

AT FIRST, I IMAGINED THEY WERE PLANNING SOME LUCRATIVE CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE, BUT, AFTER THIS DEUS EX THING, I THINK THERE'S ANOTHER PLAYER INVOLVED.

THE LEADER OF THESE MERCENARIES-- YOU KNOW HIM, ADAM?



QUINCY DURANT.

COMMANDER OF MY SWAT UNIT BACK IN THE OLD DAYS.

AND A FRIEND. ONE TIME.



HAMTRAMCK, DETROIT, 2021.

CONTROL TO  
ALL UNITS, VICINITY  
EL DIABLO LAP  
DANCING CLUB!

SWAT AGENTS  
ENGAGED IN FIREFIGHT  
WITH THE KOWALSKI  
BROTHERS AND THEIR  
GANG.

REINFORCEMENTS  
REQUIRED  
URGENTLY.



ALPHA 1  
TO CONTROL!  
THE KOWALSKIS KNEW  
WE WERE COMING!  
THEY'D BEEN  
TIPPED OFF!

WHERE'S  
THAT  
BACK-UP?

ON  
ITS WAY,  
ALPHA 1.



ARMED  
POLICE!  
THROW  
DOWN YOUR  
WEAPONS  
OR--









## SARIF INDUSTRIES, DETROIT, 2027.

HE WAS INJURED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, ENDED UP HEAVILY AUGMENTED. IT WARPED HIM PSYCHOLOGICALLY, TWISTED HIM UP INSIDE.

BY THE TIME HE CAME BACK ON THE FORCE, I'D BEEN MADE LEADER OF THE TEAM.

I THINK HE SAW IT AS SOME KIND OF BETRAYAL.

THEY PUT HIM IN CHARGE OF A NEW TEAM, BUT HE WENT BAD. BIG-TIME. CORRUPTED THE ENTIRE SQUAD.

WITHIN TWO YEARS, THEY'D KILLED THEIR WAY THROUGH HALF THE GANGSTERS IN DETROIT AND WERE PRETTY MUCH RUNNING THE UNDERWORLD.

IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE MEXICANTOWN RIOTS, THERE WAS A SHOOTOUT BETWEEN MY TEAM AND HIS.

IT WAS COVERED UP TO SAVE THE DEPARTMENT EMBARRASSMENT AND I RESIGNED FROM THE FORCE.

TILL LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT I'D KILLED HIM...

NO SUCH LUCK.

EITHER THAT OR HE'S BACK FROM THE DEAD.

WITH A VENGEANCE.

next: ASSASSINATION RUN!



